RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

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Hitch your wagon to a star.
– Emerson

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The Ancient Order …

THE FAREWELL COMMANDMENT

"Love one another as I have loved you." —*Jn. 13:34*

It is sometimes called the new commandment. In fact that is what Jesus called it, though we cannot be sure why since it was not really new. As far back as Lev. 19:18 the Lord's people were taught to "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Perhaps it was new to the disciples to whom it was given in that they had not done a very good job practicing love —just as it would appear today to be an unknown command in many quarters among us, so lacking in love as we often are. Or maybe Jesus called it "new" because of the new emphasis he gave to it. They were to love each other *even as he had loved them.* That isn't in Leviticus!

For whatever reason it is new, it is also the farewell commandment, and this should impress us as significant. Time was running out. Jesus was not to be with them much longer, and where he was going they could not go, not then at least. He lays on them one more commandment, one that has to do with their relationship as brothers. He was of course to give them a commandment as his envoys to a lost world, but this new commandment was moral in nature. It had to do with the way they were to live. And to treat each other.

Moreover, it was related to the Great Commission in that it was their mutual love that would impress a lost world more than their words. It was a remarkable statement: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another." People may not be able to define love, but they recognize it when they see it. It is not only the universal language that everyone understands, but it also has convincing power. We prove that we are followers of Jesus by the love we show. The world will *know.* What a statement that is! It is appropriate to ask if the world has ever really seen that love in the behavior of Christ's church through the centuries. When the pagans murdered Christians in Rome's new Colosseum, they were heard to say, *How these miserable creatures loved each other!* That was a fulfillment of what the Lord had said. Those hardened unbelievers surely realized that they were executing true disciples of the one called Christ and that they were not phonies or merely political enemies of the state.

But for the most part the world has remained unconvinced in reference to the church's message. It does not see the love that Jesus asked for. Jesus laid down his life for his disciples, and they were to lay down their lives for each other (1 Jn. 3:16), and the apostle explains that *this* is *how we know what love is.* Rather than laying down their lives for each other the church has too often taken each other's lives, if not by sword or gibbet then by dogma or decree. A judgmental, persecuting, excommunicating, divided church has not only left the world unconvinced of its message but scornful as well.

If it was in his farewell commandment, it was in his farewell prayer as well. As he prayed for the oneness of his disciples, he made it clear that only a united, loving church could reach a recreant world. *That the world may believe that Thou hast sent me* stands as the grand end in view of the church's mission. The world can be *won* only by our being *one*.

A loving, united church not only assures the world, but it reassures the church itself. "We know that we have passed out of death into life," 1 Jn. 3:14 tells us, "because we love the sisters and brothers." If we as a people are doubtful of our security in Christ, it may be because we have a dubious love. The blight of partyism is that it demands that we love only those who are loyal to the party, and what kind of love is that? I want to be loved as I am, with all my hangups, and not because I'm right, for tomorrow I may be wrong. If our Lord said that it is the sick that need a physician, then he would surely say that it is those that are wrong that need to be loved. I can *know* that I am in the light and no longer in darkness when I love my brothers and sisters in Christ. There are no restrictions given about how good or how right they have to be, so I love them when they are right and I love them when they are wrong. I f I have to pass judgment upon them and base my love upon their goodness or their rightness, then I will never know when I am in the light or in the darkness. The apostle says love of the brethren equals light. I'll buy that with no questions asked.

I saw the effects of the farewell commandment one evening in the home of Pat and Shirley Boone. They had about sixty Jews in their home that night, mostly from the entertainment industry, along with a number of Christians. While the Boones were notorious in those days for being on a charismatic kick, it was all low key that night — prayers, readings, testimonials, conversation, refreshments. No tongue speaking. I remember Pat reading the story of Philip and the eunuch, without comment, except that this is how one within the Jewish faith turned to the Messiah. After awhile it was announced that there were to be some immersions in the family swimming pool where Pat has baptized hundreds through the years: I watched as eight Jews were immersed into the

Messiah upon a profession of their faith. They came up out of the water embracing each other and praising God. It was a page right out of the book of Acts. The hour by now was very late. I had heard of allnight Hollywood parties but did not realize that they were sometimes like that.

Once our new sisters and brothers were in the dry, I talked with one of them in particular, who Pat later identified as a gifted TV script writer. After learning that it had been many years since he had been to either church or synagogue and had about given up on religion altogether, I asked him why he had obeyed the Messiah that night, as I welcomed him warmly as a new brother. “When I saw how they love each other, I said that’s for me, that’s what I’ve been looking for.” I told him that Jesus said that it would be just that way: “Love one another even as I have loved you. By this will all men know that you are my disciples in that you love one another.” He said that he didn’t realize that Jesus had said that, but that was why he had turned to him. It was beautiful!

There were two other preachers from the Church of Christ there that night. We agreed that what we had witnessed would hardly happen in any of our churches, or in anybody else’s church for that matter. Those Jews would not be there in the first place, and if they were they might not see “the badge of the Christian,” as Thomas Campbell described God’s greatest gift and which Francis Schaeffer calls “the true mark of the Christian.” Even when we preach love, which isn’t all that often, we do not manifest it all that well, not even to each other.

There is no way to measure love’s effect. Rom. 13:8 tells us to owe no one anything, except to love one another. It is therefore the debt that no one can completely redeem, for she is always indebted to love because of what Jesus has done for her. “He who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the law,” it goes on to say. Only love fulfills the law, for it is the end or purpose of all that God requires of us, as 1 Tim. 1:5 indicates.

Love is the greatest of all the commandments — and the second greatest as well, Jesus assures us in Mk. 12:28-31. It is the only thing that is described in Scripture as “the perfect bond of unity,” and that should really blow our minds as we go right on preserving the divisions that history’s heavy hand has laid upon us. That great truth, tucked away in Col. 3:14, is the only solution we need to reverse our ugly trend of dividing about every decade.

An adhesive manufacturer uses a TV commercial to show the effectiveness of his product. A drop of his glue proves to be too much for the gritty efforts of a burly football tackle to pull apart what it has bound together. Love is like that. It is the bond, the *perfect*

bond, that holds believers together. When that bond is there all the devices of Satan cannot pull them apart. If we are not one people, it has to follow that we have not applied God's great adhesive power. The Bible never says that we are knitted and joined together in unanimity of doctrine or opinions, but it does say that we are knitted and joined by love.

Why are we so slow of heart to learn this lesson? There must be one who is not our friend, who seeks to pluck such glorious truths from our hearts lest we be liberated from our divisive ways. Satan need not obstruct all the sacrificial work that we manage to do both at home and abroad. He only needs to keep us divided. So he pawns off on us counterfeit bonds and adhesives. He puts us in the right church, with the right name, the right organization, the right acts of worship, and this becomes the bond. As this bond melts through our seams we preach unity while we keep on dividing. Well, at least we're right, even if the world remains unimpressed.

The most important lesson to learn from the Ancient Order is that it relates to a community of love. If we lack that ingredient it matters little what order we come up with, if any order at all. The end of the order is love out of a pure heart. Let us begin there and the victory will be ours. —*the Editor*

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THE MUSIC QUESTION: WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

Since the time that a melodeon was introduced to the Church of Christ in Midway, Kentucky in 1851, the question of instrumental music in worship has been very much with us. One of the elders of the Midway church slipped his Negro slave through the window one night and purloined the melodeon, stashing it away at his farm home. Unfortunately that theft did not resolve the issue, for another instrument was brought in. Our folk resorted not only to thievery but name-calling, vindictiveness, violence and finally open division, with *both sides* guilty of shameful and inexcusable behavior. The real problem was obviously something far more serious than a music box.

The instrumentalists and anti-instrumentalists have now been a separated people for three-quarters of a century, despite the fact that they otherwise have a great deal in common. No one any longer has to impose on his conscience, for he can go to a church that has the instrument or to one that does not, and oftentimes they are in the same block or across the street from each other. But still the issue will not die. The anti-instrumentalists

make the matter a test of fellowship, refusing to accept the others unless they give up the instrument and become like themselves. The instrumentalists see such a demand as an imposition upon their liberty in Christ and inconsistent with the plea, “In matters of faith, unity; in matters of opinion, liberty; in all things, love.”

There have been numerous debates, both oral and written, some of which were conducted in a brotherly and reasonable manner, but these have brought us no closer together. The debates have bequeathed to us some rather odd terminology, such as *psallo* and *gopher wood*. Our folk know little about teakwood or bois d’ Arc, but gopher wood we know. But the debates belong to a bygone day, and that is probably just as well, even if they did cause us to see each other now and again.

More recently some of our leaders got together in St. Louis. After talking about gopher wood for awhile, an editor from Texas, who was supported by some professors from Abilene, suggested to the instrumentalists that they should give up the organ for the sake of unity. A brother from Milligan, who knows us better than most, graciously conceded that this was a reasonable request and one that should be considered. He suggested, however, that the proposal could be made more persuasive if our folk would first give up the Sunday School for the sake of unity with the hundreds of non-instrument Churches of Christ who object to that practice on the same grounds as the instrument.

St. Louis apparently did not help matters any, and so the issue lives on, not only alive but kicking. Emanating from Memphis is *The Spiritual Sword*, edited by Thomas B. Warren, Ph.D. (Vanderbilt). The theme of its October issue is *Instrumental Music in Worship is Sinful*. It is all there, including *psallo* and *gopher wood*. Thirty-six of its forty-eight pages are given to this theme, the editor concluding, “Thus, it is seen that the Bible plainly teaches that instrumental music in Christian worship is sinful.” He says this while Guy N. Woods, an editor of the *Gospel Advocate* in Nashville, is on record with the complaint that a large percentage of the members of the non-instrument Churches of Christ do not believe that the instrument is sinful. The instrument may be “plainly sinful” to Editor Warren, but it isn’t all that plain to our Christian Church sisters and brothers and, according to brother Wood, to a large number of our own folk!

If you say *The Spiritual Sword* is far right-wing and that the music question is a dead issue in more moderate Church of Christ circles, then I have more to say. When a new Ph.D. from one of the nation’s leading universities was being interviewed recently for a teaching position at one of our better known colleges, he was asked only two questions about what he believed. One was his view on the inspiration of the Scriptures and the other

was his position on instrumental music! After going through a tough discipline at a demanding graduate school, designed to equip him to cope with the crucial issues of a troubled church in a confused world, his prospective colleagues asked him about instrumental music, believe it or not!

But this has its encouraging note. While the young Ph.D. stated his non-instrument position, he made it clear that he would not make it a test of fellowship. If his position was not approved, it was at least tolerated, for he was accepted into the teaching program.

So, it I am asked what direction the music question will eventually take among our folk, I would say it will go the way of that young Ph.D., which is of course the position this journal takes, and it is the one held, I am persuaded, by the majority of people in the non-instrument churches. After all, we can't become more spiritual, more responsible, and more knowledgeable, which we are doing, without having a higher view than to predicate brotherhood upon *methods,* upon which believers have always differed.

When I say, therefore, that the music issue is alive and kicking, I really mean that it is a dying issue that is being kept alive artificially by the likes of *The Spiritual Sword,* and that what we hear are really death pangs. They do protest too much! Their tribe is decreasing among Churches of Christ, and they can see the handwriting on the wall, not unlike Bull Conner when he got out the water hoses and police dogs in the face of a changing South that would never again be the same.

The Church of Christ of tomorrow, insofar as the music question is concerned, will be like the one Ouida and I are a part of here in Denton. Oh, yes, we do have a piano! It is used by the day school that is housed in our facility and which we help sponsor, and it is in full view. It is no big deal. We pay no more attention to it than any other equipment used by the school. But a visiting minister, "orthodox" of course, criticized our elders for even having it in the building. "I know you don't use it in worship," he conceded, "But it gives offense to the others in town." Our elders lovingly laughed in his face. They are simply fed up with that kind of nonsense. Think of it: in a university city where thousands of kids sit precariously on the edge of eternity a minister of the gospel makes a big deal out of the presence of a piano in a church-school facility! Well, as I say, that tribe is decreasing. Our church will always be a cappella because of both tradition and conviction, but it will not be made a test of fellowship. Several Christian Church families have joined us. We receive them on the same basis as if they came from a Church of Christ, for we are all the Body of

Christ together. We can have churches that have the instrument and churches that do not have. That will be the position of more and more of our churches as we grow older and more spiritual.

In time more and more of our more affluent churches may have organs in their marriage chapels, which would not be inconsistent. When the church sings *corporately* in assembly it is something distinctively different from a wedding. Many of them would like to have such a convenience now. They simply lack the courage to do it, but in time they will.

The best argument against the instrument is not what you read in this special issue of *The Spiritual Sword,* but what you would see and hear if you visited our congregation in Denton. My neighbor, whom I have taken to some of our services, is most impressed with our praise to God in song. “My, what singing!,” he says again and again, and all he hears is the human voice. An instrument would get in our way. We have one, but do not use it — mainly because we don’t need it! In a lot of instrument churches I hear the instrument more than the human voice. So we accept the challenge of Isaac Errett when the instrument first began to be an issue. He conceded that some churches, to listen to them sing, needed something to help them along, while others did not. His challenge was that each church should demonstrate which is best by their own fruit, rather than to argue about it.

So, to all our *militant* instrumental brothers, and there are those in the Christian Church that are the counterpart of *The Spiritual Sword,* we invite you to visit us in Denton. We’ll not argue with you about the instrument. We’ll love you —and sing to you *a cappella.* And once you’ve heard our beautiful songbirds, who carry folk along like me, you’ll never again get bogged down in an article on *psallo,* and you’ll go back home and urge your folk to open their mouths and *sing* to the Lord!

Roy Deaver, in this special number of *The Spiritual Sword,* tells how Don Morris, late president of Abilene, spoke at the centennial celebration at Thorp Springs, where Add-Ran College began (now TCU), and where a non-instrument church remains. Brother Morris told the story of how the instrument was introduced back in 1894. Joseph Addison Clark was the old pioneer who had started it all. His son, Addison, was now president of the college. They were having a gospel meeting and the son had resolved to introduce the organ and use it during the meeting. His own father pled with him not to do so, presenting him with a petition signed by more than a hundred of their brothers and sisters.

The son turned from his own father and told the organist, “Play on, Bertha.” The father and over a hundred others walked out and started another church. Brother Morris broke down and wept as he recalled the story, and it is something to weep about. Whether or not the organ *per se* is a sin, *that* was certainly sinful, and there is something dreadfully wrong when brethren, even a father and son, will let something like a music box splinter family and church alike. As we look back in our history there are things to weep over as well as things to gladden our hearts. Had I been at Thorp Springs with Brother Morris, I would have wept with him.

But President Morris went on to say, “We of Churches of Christ today are the real heirs of the first years of Add-Ran and of the gospel taught in the first Texas churches. This is true because today we continue in the slogan first used by Texas pioneers and the Campbells before them: ‘We speak where the Bible speaks and are silent where the Bible is silent.’ “ In other words, his own non-instrument folk are the only ones of the Restoration Movement that have remained faithful. We are the true heirs, no one else, since we do not use the instrument.

The late Abilene president spoke these words in a part of Texas where there are at least six or eight different kinds of “faithful” Churches of Christ, each of which claims to be “the real heirs” of the Movement that speaks where the Scriptures speak and is silent where the Scriptures are silent, and all of which are non-instrument. They are all divided over other things, such as cooperative enterprises, Sunday Schools, and communion cups.

A different speaker, such as the elegant G. B. Shelburne, J r., could point to the time in his own memory when the Church of Christ did not have the Sunday School. He could tell how it was introduced in church after church, over the protests of sincere brothers, and how the church was divided. It would no doubt be a sad story, something to weep about, and he would insist that his people are the real heirs of the Movement since the Scriptures are silent about Sunday Schools.

But our good brother Shelburne has “cups” (for communion) in his church, and there were those who left *his* group when they were introduced —and *they* are the real heirs since the Bible plainly says that Jesus took “the cup.”

But even *that* group has divided over whether “the cup” should be wine or grape juice, and the anti-grape juice party are the real heirs because …

Is that enough? And they can all tell the sad stories of division, with members of the same family sometimes publishing separate papers, castigating each other as leaders of warring sects. It is all very sad, and I can weep with each party as the story is repeated again and again. But I just can't buy that old bromide that *We are the true heirs, everyone departed from the faith except us.*

Since we of the non-instrument Churches of Christ are good and intelligent people, it should begin to dawn on us that something is wrong with our thinking, for the more we talk about "restoring the New Testament church" the more we divide. People could justly conclude that our intention is to divide Christians rather than to unite them.

I am convinced that there is a fatal flaw in our thinking about "restoration," and it hangs as an albatross about our necks. In that speech at Thorp Springs brother Morris expressed it all too well: "We believe that this is the true pattern for church organization, for purity of worship, and for all things religious. To use this pattern is more important than excelling in numbers or affluence. We look to the New Testament as the guide in restoring the Lord's church, and we pray that He may bless us as we attempt to follow it."

That's the speech that every party leader makes! Each one looks at "the true pattern," and, directed more by its *silence* than by what it actually says, sees something different from all the rest, so he must start his own "faithful" church.

The facts of our history force me to conclude that "restorationism" is divisive. If we presume that the New Testament constitutes a fixed pattern whereby "the true church" is restored in its work, worship, and organization, we are doomed to be a people of multiple sects. The New Testament itself, including the churches of the New Testament, allows for much more diversity than we have allowed. The Scriptures can be our guide without being a detailed blueprint, and the New Testament nowhere makes any such claim as being a fixed pattern. It provides us with norms and principles, but it allows for differences, as the churches of the primitive era were different from each other.

We must face the fact that the Bible simply is not the kind of book we have made it. Those who insist that it is a fixed pattern that legislates all the details should go to the Scriptures themselves for such a claim. The Bible makes no such claim. It is something that we have imposed upon the Bible to our own hurt. Had God intended that it be something like an architect's blueprint, He would surely have done a better job than to give us a blueprint that leaves us in utter confusion, divided and sub-divided.

The music question will be settled as we come to see that it is not a question of Scripture to start with, as is true with so many things upon which we differ, but upon *the silence of Scripture*. We *are* going to differ in areas where the Scriptures do not speak explicitly. We all agree that drunkenness is a sin, but we will differ as to whether drinking a cocktail is a sin. In the first the Bible is explicit; in the second it is not. So we must allow for differences. We all agree that singing is approved of God, for here the Bible is explicit, but we will differ on such details as an accompaniment or whether only the Psalms can be sung, as is insisted upon by some of the Scot Presbyterians. Such preferences must be allowed so long as those who hold them do not seek to impose them upon others.

Enough of our people are coming to recognize this solution that it is encouraging. The time will never come when we will all see such things as instrumental music eye-to-eye. I f this should happen, then there would be something else. We should not expect it otherwise. We will come more and more to accept each other as sisters and brothers *because* we are sisters and brothers, not because we agree on this or that point of dispute. *—the Editor*

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ARISTOTLE FOR BELIEVERS

For sometime I have wanted to write a book on philosophy for Christians, and one day I may get to it. For many years now I have been teaching philosophy in various high schools and colleges, my forte being to *introduce* philosophy to those in different walks of life: bright high school kids, all the college levels, and in more recent years the adults and adulterers of the night schools in Dallas. The first and last groups have been the most fun. I glory in introducing Socrates or Spinoza or Locke to an eager beaver high schooler or to some working girl who rushes over from her job at Texas Instruments to take a course in a subject that she has always heard about but of which she knows nothing, not even beans. Or to a business man who was too busy succeeding to go to college, and now that there is a super-duper community college just off the freeway and not out in the boondocks somewhere, he decides to “do” college, and he starts with philosophy. Woman, is he fun to teach! But sometimes he checks out, swearing he has made a mistake and just plain swearing, especially if it is logic he has chosen. When it is logic, I urge them to hang in and give it and me a fair chance (I even promise to drop them before I fail them), but the fatality list is always embarrassingly high.

This fall I had a dashing salesman in my logic class who challenged me to show what all the P's and Q's and the syllogisms would do for him as a business man. *It will help you to think more critically, to become more aware of your faulty thinking*, I assured him, explaining that he uses syllogisms everyday and often invalid ones, even sometimes when he says no more than "What, me?" But when we started doing truth tables, I lost him. Tough education sometimes has a hard time of it out there in the marketplace. I started with 29 and I have now dropped them down to eight, and two of those are critical cases. Six will do just great, all women, young executives and housewives. They have begun to fall in love with *thinking*, more than with me. Women are not necessarily smarter in such situations, but they can take it bet ter. They have more guts and will hang in when the going gets rough, like having babies. They have too much pride to be quitters.

But I had rather teach general philosophy where we deal with the history of ideas, ethics, religion, and with the philosophers themselves. Here we meet the likes of father Socrates and his famous child in the faith, Plato, and grandson, Aristotle. We don't have to bother with the rules of inference and the laws of thought and so the casualty list is not so bad.

The other day I came upon a book that is something like what I have in mind, except that it deals with but one philosopher, entitled *Aristotle for Everybody* by Mortimer J. Adler, with the sub-title, *Difficult Thought Made Easy.* It confirmed me in my conviction that philosophy is for everybody, including kids —and elders in the church! Using this book as a point of departure, I want to pass along to you, who has probably never had a course in logic (Aristotle fathered logic!), some of the goodies in Aristotle, who is considered one of the more difficult philosophers to understand.

First you should know that Aristotle died in 322 B. C., within a year of the death of his most famous pupil, Alexander the Great —who was one of his dropouts! He sat at Plato's feet in Athens for almost two decades, and, being his brightest student ever, should have succeeded him, but he was too much his own man. "Dear is Plato," he would say, "but dearer still is truth," which is one of my favorite quotes. He started his own school at age 52, called the Lyceum, one of the four great schools of antiquity. He amassed one of the great libraries of the ancient world and was himself the author of over 400 works in a score of subjects, including psychology, ethics, botany, zoology, and logic. Due to political uprisings he at last left Athens, his teaching criticized as dangerous. He said he chose exile "lest Athens should sin a second time against philosophy," referring to the unjust execution of Socrates 76 years earlier.

His school was called the peripatetics in that he and his students would walk, think, and talk together, endeavoring to understand the nature of man and his world. Aristotle concluded that the "nature of things" imply some ultimate cause and that the universe cannot be explained as a mere happenstance. He came up with the "Unmoved Mover" as responsible for it all and referred to this final cause as if it were God, which led St. Thomas Aquinas and medieval Roman Catholic theology to canonize Aristotle as the forerunner of their theological system, known as Thomism. But it was ill-advised, for the old sage's ultimate Mover is in no sense a personal God or even a creator. Aristotle saw purpose in the universe, but the *purposer* remains unexplained. Only movement can explain change, and there was the Mover that was not itself moved, but the philosopher did not seek to make it a spiritual being. He had no theology. To him matter and energy are eternal, and the universe has always been here in one form or another.

Plato before him spoke of a creator God and Socrates was convinced that he had been sent by "God," whom he distinguished from the gods of the Greeks, to be a gadfly among the materialistic Athenians. It is not amiss to say that Socrates walked with God in a pagan land. I do not teach my students that Socrates knew what he did of God through natural religion, which is that men discover God through reason and nature, but that God has revealed Himself in history, a revelation that is confirmed in nature and reason. While Socrates probably had no contact with Judaism, a certain knowledge of God had passed along from generation to generation since the time of Abraham and the patriarchs. Socrates was able, in his quest for reality, to tap enough of that tradition even in a pagan world to cultivate a faith that was confirmed by "His eternal power and divine nature, which have been clearly seen, being understood through what has been made," as the apostle puts it in Rom. 1:20.

Aristotle may have implied some of the same things, but he did not personalize them. He chose to remain a scientist and let you decide for yourself what you would do with the Unmoved Mover who has to be in the picture if things make sense. But he was intensely interested in man and the principles by which he should live. The end of man is to be happy or to enjoy well-being (not just being), which he defined as harmony, inner as well as outer harmony. To have well-being, he insisted, one must learn to think, which is the most natural thing he can do, man being the only rational animal. So it is only through self-realization that man gets with it. Everything in the universe is seeking its potential, even rocks, which explains why they work their way toward the center of the earth, which is where they belong. The person who is not fulfilling her potential cannot be truly good or moral, the sage says.

But we will now speak more particularly of some of the things that impresses Adler about Aristotle.

One's life is determined by the choices she makes and the choices set up habit patterns, so that a badly lived life is due to wrong choices that one freely makes. We are all morally obligated to improve ourselves, and this we do by breaking bad habits and building good ones. If we sleep more than we should, overeat, waste time, lose our temper, or use bad grammar it is because we have habituated ourselves in these directions. A rigorous, studious, well-disciplined life comes through conscious effort, by applying oneself to it until it becomes a habit. So one is not *consciously* courteous and well-mannered after awhile, but *habitually* so. He doesn't have to say "I'm not going to overeat today or lose my temper with the children," for his way of life is now above all that.

This speaks to the Christian. When we are but babes in Christ, we are more aware of our efforts to be transformed into his image, and so we are building new habits. But after awhile we should habitually follow Christ. We think of him and love him as if it were second nature. A growing Christian never says "I must be sure to pray today," for he has now made Christ *the* blessed habit of his life, the sun of his life with everything else revolving around him. On the other hand, a lot of believers have a lot of bad habits. Aristotle notes that these can be changed only by changing the choices one makes.

Aristotle dreamed of that situation in which people were truly friends, which meant they would really be concerned for each one's good. If people were friends, justice would not be necessary. So justice is appealed to only when love fails. Law thus forces upon all members of society a consideration for others that is only second best. Man tends to love more as he understands himself and others better. Ignorance, particularly *wilful* ignorance, is man's chiefest vice and is at the heart of all his misery. The one whose life has to be monitored by justice rather than by love is ignorant of what life is all about.

Does this not speak to our own divided church? I often meet people who had much rather rely upon the goodness of this world or the courts of justice than to trust the "love" of their fellows in the church. At least they can get *justice* in the unredeemed world, though it is sisterly and brotherly love that we all want and need. If we could but be friends, people who would lay down their lives for each other, then we would not have to be ruled by law, including the "law book" that some folk make out of the Scriptures.

The most elegant notion in Aristotle's ethics is that of the golden mean, and I know of no principle so badly needed in American life than it. Excessive desires destroys nations as well as individuals. Buddhism has identified this — people wanting too much — as the source of most human misery. The Greeks understood this and thus made moderation man's crowning virtue. The Stoics insisted that if you want to be happy do not increase

your possessions but decrease your desires. The golden mean is the midway point between the excesses — and if there is a doubt err on the conservative side! That is, it is better to *under eat* than to slightly *overeat,* though one should avoid all excessives.

One big difference between Aristotle and the Christian teachers who came along three centuries later was that Aristotle was an aristocrat, believing that only a few could practice his teaching. Christianity is the only teaching in all history that presumed to reach out to all men, the poor as well as the rich, the common folk as well as the elite. The biggest difference of all, of course, is that we have not only ideal principles to which to look but the ideal Person as well. —*the Editor*

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Highlights in Restoration History …

UNITY IN DIVERSITY

There may be some game-playing in that title, a game called tautology, for *unity* by its very nature has to be diverse. It is like saying "each and everyone" when only one of those pronouns is necessary, or like *widow woman* which is bad English. Unity is a union or oneness of things that are different, like members of a family being one or a man and wife being one.

It is odd, therefore, to see some of our brethren write woefully about the "unity in diversity heresy." Either they simply are not thinking or they have something in mind far afield of what is usually meant by the term. True, a move toward unity could be *too* diverse. "What unity has Christ with Belial? ," asks the apostle, "or what union has a believer with an unbeliever?" We know of no one among us that refers to "unity in diversity" except in reference to Christians, people who are *in* Christ. This has been the genius of our people's plea from the outset, *that all Christians can he united, despite differences.* No one is suggesting that we should seek unity with unbelievers, but only with other Christians, folk who love and obey Jesus Christ.

I have no interest in uniting with Methodists, Baptists, Roman or Greek Catholics, Mennonites, or whatever, but only with Christians, who are surely among these denominations as well as among ourselves. I do not even have any interest in uniting with Church of Christ or Christian Church folk, but only with true believers. It is noteworthy that the Scriptures never speak of churches or denominations uniting, but believers in Christ. I am a Campbellite on this point, for the old reformer, while not disparaging the

union of sects, sought the unity of *Christians,* for that is what Jesus prayed for. He observed that there might be a unity of the churches without a unity of Christians, but never a unity of Christians without a unity of the churches, for oneness in Christ transcends and even destroys the party spirit.

Our own history is replete with instances of unity in diversity. In recent essays in this column we have recounted differences between our pioneers, whose tombs we garnish. Not only differences between themselves, which did not rupture their fellowship, but differences between their views and practices and our various party lines today. One essay contended that there would be no way for Alexander Campbell to be accepted by many Churches of Christ today since he did not believe that baptism was absolutely essential to salvation, was not himself baptized for the remission of sins, believed there were Christians in the sects, and served for some sixteen years as president of our first missionary society. Thomas Campbell could not be fellowshipped for most of the same reasons and also because he was a Calvinist in his theology.

Barton W. Stone believed in “open membership” or “ecumenical” membership, which would cause him grave difficulties among the Christian Churches as well as Churches of Christ. Many of the preachers in the Stone movement, great and good men like David Purviance, never did accept the Campbellite emphasis on “baptism for remission of sins.” They immersed believers, but did not accept or preach that doctrine, which would be enough to bar them from the faculties of our schools of preaching.

We have shown that even John W. McGarvey, who has scholarships named for him in our Church of Christ colleges, was a strong supporter of the missionary society, even if adamantly opposed to instrumental music. To be faithful in our ranks you have to be *both* anti-society and anti-organ! By the way, McGarvey was also a “one cup” man. Now who will claim him? I will! I accept him and love him as within the fellowship of the redeemed in heaven because he is in Christ and my brother. That he believed the Supper should be served in one cup and that singing should be *a cappella* only has nothing whatever to do with his being within the fellowship of Christ. But I don’t like the way he treated some of his fellow editors, who are also my brothers, but I doubt if we’ll discuss those things when we meet. If so, I’m sure there would be things in my editorial ministry that he would not appreciate. If we all had to wait for mutual approbation of each other’s viewpoints to be brothers, then brotherhood would forever elude us.

There is in our history a noble instance of unity in diversity. In fact there might have been no enduring Restoration Movement had it not been for this event, the union of the Stone and Campbell movements in 1832. Had they not had much in common there would, of course, have been no union.

Both groups made Christ their only creed, rejecting human names and creeds, and they made the Bible their only rule of faith and practice. They shared a passion for the unity of the church. They had both turned from sprinkling to immersion and were seeking to recover the primitive ordinances of the church.

But there were some substantial differences:

1. The Stone people were much more emotional in their preaching, even using a mourner's bench, while the Campbell churches were more rational. Many of the former thought the latter lacked "heart religion."

2. The Stone group had an ordained ministry, believing that only an ordained minister can baptize or serve Communion, while the other group was anti-clerical and believed any Christian can serve at the Table and baptize.

3. The Stone churches wore the name Christian, believing this to be the divinely-appointed name, while Campbell and his folk called themselves Disciples. This was a rather serious difference since Campbell saw "Christian" as a nickname given by the world. This was resolved by the Movement eventually using both names.

4. The Disciples from the very first Sunday at Brush Run served the Supper each first day. The Christians served Communion on a quarterly basis. The Campbell practice eventually prevailed in the united churches.

5. The Christians had a much more open view of the Spirit's ministry in conversion and the life of the believer, as would be suggested by the mourner's bench method. The Disciples in those early days had a "word only" view of the Spirit's work, or something close to that. Stone said in afteryears that if Campbell had in his early years taught on the Spirit what he did later in life the Movement would have been much more successful.

6. The Christians were more concerned for unity, the Disciples more interested in the restoration of the ancient order. They helped each other to find a balance between the two and thus became the first people in all history to plead for unity on the basis of restoration.

These differences were as substantial as anything that divides us today, and yet they were a uniting people while we remain a dividing people. Their secret was a simple one: they learned that unity can be realized only in the *essentials* of the faith, allowing for differences in the non-essentials. This is not to say that the things they differed on were not important, but they recognized that things can be important without being essential. They worked toward more agreement, which they gradually achieved, but it was as a united people and *within* the fellowship. Had they waited until they saw everything alike, we might not have had our Movement. This bit of history, along with similar instances of unity in diversity in the New Testament itself, should help us to overcome a damaging fallacy: that we must reach agreement on everything or most everything before we can be in fellowship. Their way is better, which is the way of Scripture: Work out the differences that need to be worked out *within* the fellowship.

We have difficulty accepting disagreements among Christians as inevitable. Since the apostles themselves the church has not seen eye to eye on lots of things, some of them rather significant if not essential. Paul and Barnabas had to go their separate ways, but that doesn't mean that they "withdrew" from each other. There will always be differences among us, this side of "the millennial church" at least. It is only a question of how we are going to respond to them.

We have standing orders from the apostles: "And to all these add love, which binds all things together in perfect unity. The peace that Christ gives is to be the judge in your hearts; for to this peace God has called you together in the one body" (Col. 3:14-15, TEV).

It is love that unites, not doctrinal agreement. Love *perfectly* unites that which is divided. Even if people should reach perfect agreement on all the points of doctrine, this would not mean perfect unity. Only love makes for perfect unity, and this when folk may be quite diverse in their interpretation of much of the Bible. Stone and Campbell even differed on the nature of Christ, but they did not allow this to rupture their fellowship in Christ. Love united them!

These standing orders remind us that there is a judge that presides in our hearts, a judge that arbitrates for us in reference to our sisters and brothers. The judge is Peace, and we will capitalize it since it is a presiding judge. It is the Peace of Christ that judges other believers, accepting or rejecting them. This is why we dare not reject anyone that Christ

accepts or accept anyone that Christ rejects. The party or sect that we may belong to is not to preside as judge in our hearts, rejecting all those who do not toe the party line or who do not properly mouth all the shibboleths.

God has called us together, not into a sect, but into the one Body. We accept each other on that basis, that *together* we have been called into one Body. For this we are to be thankful, the apostolic orders go on to say. It is a lovely thing to be laid on us, *thankfulness.* As you read these words I hope you are thankful that the Lord has called you into His church, that He has given you sisters and brothers to accept and love, and that His peace rules as judge in your heart.

If we follow these apostolic injunctions we cannot long remain a divided people. Our forebears learned this lesson and thus preserved the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. If they plugged into God's power plant and filled their hearts with love and enthroned Peace as the presiding judge within them, why can't we do something about the divisions among us? —*the Editor*

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Pilgrimage of Joy …

THE LAND OF THE THISTLE

W. Carl Ketcherside

On May 10, 1951, I celebrated my forty-third birthday, far from home and in a foreign land. In honor of the occasion we broke open some of the food parcels from home and served a little dinner for the saints in Belfast. Two days later I began my journey by train to Southern Ireland where I was to meet Nell who was coming over on the *America.* I was especially pleased that my itinerary called for me to spend a night and the greater part of a day in Dublin. I chose as my overnight abode the Four Courts Hotel on the River Liffey.

Four centuries ago it was known as Angel Inn, and became the home of Jonathan Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels.* A clever and brilliant satirist, he punched holes in the political and religious pretensions of his day. In 1713 he was appointed dean of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, but with the fall of the Tory Administration a year later his political

career ended, and he retired to Angel Inn where he died in 1745. When the inn was remodeled, the decorator made lavish use of mirrors and statuary, so that one feels he is staying in a museum.

The original floor of wide boards fastened with wooden dowels has been left throughout, so that one can literally walk where the author of *Tale of a Tub* trod. There is, among the public rooms, a spacious lounge and writing room with a huge open-grate fireplace. Since I always seem to get more from my reading when I am in the proper atmosphere, I settled down in a leather chair in this room, resolved to read some of the poetry by Swift which I had never taken time to read. It was an evening well-spent. I shall always remember scanning the poem "A Description of a City Shower" while the face of its author stared out at me from its frame.

I cannot forbear saying a little about Dublin, the capital of the Irish Free State. It is a city famous for its educational and cultural background. When I became acquainted with the works of Richard Chenevix Trench, and especially his volume *On the Study of Words,* I learned that he had been Archbishop of Dublin. This motivated me to learn all I could about the city and especially the Protestant influence within it. I remember having been impressed with the fact that the Alexandrian geographer, Ptolemy, who lived about 150 A.D., had mentioned the original settlement which grew into Dublin.

As I walked the streets I felt like Paul did at Athens when he saw the city wholly given over to idolatry. Images for worship were everywhere. Candle factories were prominent, manufacturing tapers to be lighted before saintly statuary. Clerical garb was everywhere manifest as priests and nuns walked the streets. Advertisements of pilgrimages to Rome and Lourdes appeared on bulletin boards and in shop windows. I read through the long list of obituaries in the paper to see if one Protestant was listed. Apparently the Protestants are extremely healthy. I found not one name. That thousands of Irish had gone to America was evidenced by the number of death notices containing the words: "American papers please copy."

On May 13, I went to Cork, a train ride of 165 miles to the southwest of Dublin. In the knowledge that I might never be there again I walked as rapidly as possible to cover important areas in this city of more than 80,000. Cork is the home of two cathedrals, one Roman Catholic, the other Anglican. Both are called St. Finbar, after the name of the founder of the city in 622 A. D. It was late when I got to Cobh, and the Hotel Commodore where I was to spend the night.

I arose early the next morning to go to the dock. The *America* had anchored about four miles offshore before daybreak, and passengers who were to be taken off on the tender were given an early breakfast. I saw Nell as she stepped off the lighter and soon she saw me and waved. But we could not be together until she had cleared customs. What a blessing it was to hold her in my arms again after an absence of months. We had much to talk about on the long train journey to Belfast. When we arrived at the station we heard the beautiful strains of "The Lord's My Shepherd" being sung to the tune Crimond. The whole congregation was there and their singing stopped even the train crews who paused to listen to every word.

We had one more week in Belfast and our hearts were torn that the time of our departure was so close. The final days created a kaleidoscope of memories. Each day the members vied with each other to show us something of interest. Each night I spoke to a gathering of the saints. A visit to a large linen factory, a trip to the magnificent City Hall, crowned by a view of the private office of the Lord Mayor, through the courtesy of his secretary, a final tour of inland Ireland, a day at Bangor by the seaside, and then the final night and the farewell tea at the meetinghouse.

The chorus sang beautifully. Different brethren made brief talks. We wept unashamedly. We clung to one another, reluctant to take leave. The congregation gave us a lovely picture of the Mountains of Mourne, personally autographed by the painter. Nell received numerous gifts of linen and some of the sisters presented her with treasured heirlooms and keepsakes, out of hearts filled with generosity.

The next evening we had our final tea at the hospitable home of William and Margaret Hendren, and then drove to the docks where we were to board *The Royal Ulsterman* for the cross-channel trip. Almost the whole congregation was at the dock, and as the ship drifted slowly away from the wharf and out into the darkness, we could hear the strains of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." A feeling gripped our hearts that we would never again see these precious ones upon this earth.

I have never forgotten Belfast. I can still envision the children swinging on ropes attached to the street lamps. I can still see the women on their knees scrubbing the sidewalks in front of their homes with reddened hands. I remember the groups harmonizing in song on the street corners at night, the women draped with thick shawls or blankets to shelter them from the cold as they walked to unheated shops, the many

pushcarts on the street, the window washers carrying their ladders and buckets. I shared the agony and the ecstacy of a people who had just come through a devastating war and had triumphed and I left a little bit of myself in Ireland.

We were met at the dock in Glasgow by John and Mary McCallum and spent the day resting in their home while catching up on letter writing. It is a good thing we found this little time for relaxation because I was getting ready to go into a hectic schedule without realizing it. The next afternoon we left for Tranent, where I had spent my time exhorting the saints of the Slamannan District, in my final meeting in Scotland four years before. We stopped enroute at the home of Joe and Agnes Kerr where we were to stay all night. They had moved from Harthill to Prestonpans since our visit.

The place was rife with history. The house where the Kerrs lived was on the banks of Red Burn which flowed red with blood on September 21,1745 when the Jacobite forces led by Charles Edward Stuart known as the “Young Pretender” or “Bonnie Prince Charlie” defeated the British under Sir John Cope. The monument to the victory of the wild tartan-clad clansmen still stands on the field of Prestonpans. It marks the high tide of the rally of the Stuarts before their forces were completely routed at Culloden Moor in April, 1746, and Charles Edward became a hunted fugitive.

Just as interesting to me was what had happened here in 1590 when witchcraft became an organized institution. A number of persons who claimed to have seen and conversed with the devil, and who had entered into a compact with him, began to exercise a great deal of influence. Superstition ran riot. Special meetings were held at night in the church building at Old Berwick, and graves were opened by these progenitors of modern spiritualism who collected human skulls and bones to use in their incantations. Some there were who predicted that Satan was preparing to capture the world and this would be his headquarters and the place of his throne.

King James, who became a specialist in witch-hunting, and who defied the curses pronounced upon him, effectively put an end to the ambition of the witches. He had his soldiers gather up a group of them and ordered that they be publicly strangled and their bodies burned. Some of their more ardent followers declared secretly that no fire would be able to burn them. Not only did their bodies burn, but their leader, Dr. Fian, was executed at Castle Hill in Edinburgh on December 26, 1591. This halted the immediate outbreak of superstition, but that it did not completely crush it is evidenced by the fact that the last person to be executed as a witch in England was in 1716, while the last one in Scotland died in 1722.

Fifty Bible teachers from the Siamannan District gathered at Lochside Chapel, which I remembered so well, on this Saturday afternoon, for a discussion of means and methods of improving their efforts. The meeting was ably presided over by John Steel, an art instructor at Airdrie Academy. We sang a hymn, had a prayer, and then sat down together for tea. I recalled that it had been said that Gabriel would have to be careful about when he sounded his trumpet, for if it was at teatime, no Scotsmen would show up. After tea, I spoke briefly and then opened the meeting for questions.

Before we realized it three hours had slipped away. Afterwards a number of folk gathered at the Kerr home and entertained us with Scottish ballads and songs of the Jacobites, as the defenders of the house of Stuart were called. I have never again heard "By Yon Bonnie Banks and By Yon Bonnie Braes" done as effectively as that night. And when I hear "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" my mind reverts to that Saturday night in May. It was an unforgettable time of love and fellowship and genial good feeling.

The next morning Joe and I walked the three miles to Tranent where I was to teach for more than an hour in a gathering of the saints who came early. It was a refreshing walk along a road in Scotland, past the monument to the battle, and with the town always in sight. The "breaking of bread service" as our brethren designate it, began at 11:30 a.m. and continued until 1:00 p. m. I spoke again to the edification of those present, and then Nell and I went to the nearby home of Sister Wilson, and her daughter Jean, for a quick luncheon. In the interval between my trips to Scotland Brother Wilson had departed to be with Jesus. I missed him greatly. Sister Wilson remembered my taste for Scotch oatcakes and had laid in a goodly supply.

I spoke to different groups at 2:00 p.m.; 3:00 p.m.; and 4:00 p.m.; and at the gospel meeting at 6:00 p.m. This was not enough and after I had finished the brethren convened again to hear me for another hour. All of us were tired after we felt our way back through 32 miles of pea soup fog to the McCallum home. It was 1:00 a.m. when we finally retired. Before I could go to sleep I thought back over the entire day. I had a good feeling about the cause at Tranent. A number of younger brethren were identified with the work. The possibilities for growth seemed great. The brethren were firmly grounded in the concept of "mutual ministry" and the utilization of all the gifts.

We had one more week remaining in the "the land of the thistle." If I were to tell you all that happened this literary effort would be expanded far beyond its worth. There were scenic tours to Loch Lomond along roads lined with colorful rhododendron, while snow-

capped Ben Lomond towered high in the distance; to Gareloch, the salt water lake off the Clyde, which was filled with the ships of the famed British Navy; to the mighty Forth Bridge, an engineering wonder; and to the renowned Castle Hill in Edinburgh where kilted sentries paced back and forth.

But even more interesting was the return to congregations we had previously visited and to the homes of saints we had seen four years ago. There was the meeting in Glasgow, the one in Motherwell, where David Dougal had labored with diligence and effectiveness for two months. Then on to Slamannan which gave its name to the district. We went into the homes of folk I had met in Canada. One was the home of a sister whom I had immersed during one of my meetings when she had come over to visit in Windsor, Ontario. It was a rich experience to see her now in her native land.

One day I discovered a huge bookstore on Charles IV Bridge in Edinburgh. It was a half-block long and stocked only used religious volumes, thousands upon thousands of them. I went up one aisle and down another, reading titles and viewing works I had heard about for years and had never seen. I was like a country lad turned loose in a city candy store. I stayed all day until there was just time to go to historic Wallacestone for the evening meeting, after tea in the gracious home of David Dougal.

Our last week in Scotland was spent at Kirkcaldy. I have previously mentioned this as the place where Alexander Campbell had spoken a century before my first visit. Kirkcaldy was the birthplace of Adam Smith, who wrote *The Wealth of Nations.* He was greatly influenced by his close association with David Hume, and I have often wondered what Alexander Campbell had to say about Smith and Hume while he was in Kirkcaldy. He was familiar with both and expressed opposition to Hume’s theory about the rights of man.

Nell and I stayed again in the hospitable home of the Mellises. On Saturday evening a welcome tea had been arranged at the meeting place on Rose Street, and brethren came from Dunfermline, Leven, Pittenweem, and other towns in “the kingdom of Fife”, as well as from the region across the Firth of Forth. The program was excellent. The hymns of praise lifted our spirits. So did the meat pies and biscuits (cookies) which we ate while talking as rapidly as we could about our marvelous relationship in our precious Lord. It was a season of refreshing from His very presence.

Our final day in “auld Scotia” was the Lord’s Day. It is etched into my memory. I spoke at “the breaking of the bread” and remained to talk to the lads and lasses in the Sunday School in the afternoon. When we came out the rain was pounding the pavement.

At the end of the street the sea was breaking against the wall with resounding slaps as the spume and spray leaped high. It was still raining hard at the time for the evening meeting but the house was filled. Some of the older men wore kilts of lovely plaid.

At the close of my talk three precious souls announced their desire to put on Christ in baptism. It was a time of rejoicing mingled with tears of gladness. We said good-bye to one another, and walked out into the rainy night. All of us were aware that we would meet again some day where the light of the sun was not needed and the storm clouds would never rise.

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BOOK NOTES

We can supply Richardson's *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell* for 17.95, which is two volumes in one, over 1200 pages, and a veritable gold mine on the history of our Movement. It is indispensable to any serious study of the Restoration Movement, and it was for a longtime out of print.

The Fool of God should stay in print indefinitely, but it may not. This is fun reading as well as highly informative on the life of Campbell. 3.95, postpaid.

If you read *The Mormon Papers* by Harry L. Ropp, you would wonder how anyone could remain a Mormon without doing a lot of demythologizing. They are brought to judgment by their own documents, and the author is not picky. It is basic stuff that questions the authenticity of the claims. 3.45, postpaid.

We may well have a few more husbands who are doing themselves a favor, for we are really selling *Do Yourself a Favor: Love Your Wife.* But it makes good reading for anyone. He gives 18 clues as to when a marriage is running behind, one of which is when the husband shows no interest in any upkeep of the home. For 3.45 you can read the other clues —and what to do about them!

Ouida was impressed with the story of Charles Colson and noticed it was C. S. Lewis' *Mere Christianity* that turned his life around, so we have decided to stock that very powerful little volume, which is available in paperback at 2.45, postpaid.

Two books by women are especially readable. *I'm Out to Change My World* and *Daughters of the King* by Ann Kiemal and Pat Brooks, respectively, at 2.45 each, postpaid.

God's Psychiatry by Charles Allen has gone through 82 printings. It has had such success because it deals honestly with fear and worry, hate and suspicion, peace and enthusiasm. It draws upon the great truths of the Bible to solve problems and change lives. 1.95, postpaid.

The 21st volume of this journal begins with our next issue, and the theme for 1979 will be *Blessed Are The Peacemakers,* which we believe you will appreciate. If you do so now, you can renew your own sub (even if it is not yet due) and subscribe for four others for only 10.00. This is an effective way of acquainting others with our efforts.

If you want this volume in its bound edition, under the title of *The Ancient Order,* you should place your order with us, if you are not already on our list. Send no money. You will be billed with the book. Last year's bound volume, *Principles of Unity and Fellowship* is available for 5.50, postpaid.

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